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## THE MEDIOCRACY.

A MAN of genius was once sitting in a theatre looking with wonder at the happy faces around him, and listening in perplexity to the shouts of laughter that echoed on all sides. The piece was a poor mediocrity, the language tame, the epigram pointless; and at length his surprise merging in disgust, and that in testiness and ill-humour, with a sweeping glance of angry superiority he left the house. Our man of genius was not sorry for himself; he did not regret that he could not be diverted like other people, but was indignant with them for finding amusement in what was weariness to him.

He would now pass the evening with a book. It should be a book of recreation, for his mind wanted unbending; a clever novel would be better than a dull play. But how to choose? He was but little acquainted with that department of literature, and he determined to take extensive popularity as the test of merit. Casting his eye, therefore, along the shelves of the circulating library, he fixed upon a spot where the volumes were frailer and dingier in appearance than elsewhere, and selected the frailest and dingiest of them all. At home with his prize, he sat down to be happy. But he was not happy. The book was commonplace. It had no interest, no story, no fancy, no character. He confounded the *persona* one with another. They seemed to be always drinking tea, and arguing about something or other—he did not know what. They soon began to mingle and flit before his heavy eyes; their voices sank into a drowsy monotone; his head drooped lower and lower; and at length as his brow rapped the table, he started up in renewed indignation. But this time his anger was 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' He looked curiously at the torn and stained leaves, the folded corners—tokens of the patient interest which would take the next opportunity of returning to a labour of love—the half-obliterated traces of some critical pencil, expressive of dissent or admiration. He calculated in imagination the number of perusals it had taken to change permanently the very colour of the paper. Then a vision rose before him of the theatre he had left, with its merry faces and applauding voices; and his disdain began to give way before an oppressive sense of magnitude and multitude.

But he must spend his evening somehow, for he had resolved against work; and taking his crush-hat out of its box, and elongating it to the orthodox figure, he set forth for one of the drawing-rooms to which he had the *entrée*. Here the lights, the colours, the motion, the fair faces, the graceful forms, reassured him; and he

drew near to group after group, that the buzz of voices might resolve for his gratification into articulate dialogue. But what dialogue! Without thought, without spirit, without substance—more pointless than the play, tamer than the novel, and minus the grace of manner which pleaded for the one, and the elegance of language which concealed the poverty of the other, it seemed the very quintessence of commonplace. In one or two corners a question of literary or social interest was discussed; but these corners were avoided by the throng, who listened with the most animated attention to platitudes which, if turned into print, could hardly have amused even the most devoted novel-reader. The philosophical observer, however, was no longer indignant; his disdain was lost in a kind of awe, as the audience at the play, the countless readers of the book, and the brilliant assembly before him, all met and mingled in a single body, which seemed to overwhelm and crush him with its vastness. 'I was wrong,' said he, communing with himself, as he elongated his hat again to go out into the street: 'my contempt arose from ignorance—my indignation from weakness; the Mediocracy is a great power, which can neither be wounded by the one nor intimidated by the other.'

He was right. 'Mediocre' and 'commonplace,' used as terms of contempt, are meaningless when applied to the great body of the age. Beneath this body the lower intelligences indicate imperfect beings approaching gradually the standard: above it, the higher intelligences are merely a few offshoots thrown out into the future—the pioneers and forlorn-hopes of the present. It is on the main body genius depends for nourishment and reward. When genius says it speaks to the future, it means the future of the present commonplace generation; for this generation is the parent of everything that will be excellent and glorious in the coming time. Let not genius suppose itself to be anything independent or self-existing; for it derives its origin, force, and authority from the commonplace mass it affects to despise. Napoleon was literally, what he has been called in another sense, 'the man of the age;' for if the thought which governed his career had not existed, though without form and void, in the French mind, he would have been but a stunted corporal after all. Scott could not of himself have brought about a revolution in romance; for unless the public taste had been in a state of preparation, he would have written in vain. Genius, in short, must be *en rapport* with the time it addresses, or its electric force will have no effect.

This explains the reason why commonplace literature pleases commonplace readers, and why commonplace people are in their element in commonplace

company. If you desire an ignorant man to choose between a book of science and a novel, his choice will fall upon the novel, because that belongs to a species of literature he comprehends. He can feel an interest in persons and personal adventures, which does not seem to him to attach to reasonings and experiments; and, in like manner, if the novel develops some high principle, or is enriched with profound thought, he will willingly exchange it for another better adapted to the calibre of a commonplace mind. So, in company, like affects like. A commonplace man will always have the majority in his favour. We do not listen to a celebrity because we are interested in what he says. If that were written in a book, we of the mediocracy would not cut the leaves; but hearing it from the man himself *vis à voce*, we take it as a part of the show. When the star of the evening has disappeared, then our true pleasure begins, and that consists in exchanging commonplace sentiments with our commonplace friends on what we have seen and heard. The universal buzz that runs through the room is not the buzz of applause, but of busy self-satisfaction. We are exercising an instinct of our commonplace being, and deriving from the exercise the enjoyment which beneficent nature annexes to the fulfilment of her commands.

The mediocracy do not belong to any particular class, but they include the great body of the respectability of the people. They have little active power, but their passive force is immense. They seldom trouble themselves to attack, but they are great in resistance; and for this reason few persons dare openly to oppose them, although many open a safety-valve for their indignation in contempt and abuse. What is Bloomerism but a public acknowledgment of the might of the mediocracy—an agitation for carrying a change of measures through a committee of the whole house? The ladies of this faction are not satisfied with changing their own measures; they must have the sanction, the homologation, of the mediocracy. Without this they would consider their proceedings illegal, and enjoy no rest of conscience. It is even so in the matter of hats. Many persons are dissatisfied with the custom we have of carrying an empty oblong bandbox on our heads, and go about agitating for a change of fashion. Why so?—why not please yourselves, gentlemen?—Ah! that is all very well; but what would the mediocracy say? Some time ago we received a communication from several persons, proposing an association of strong-minded brethren who were to combine for the purpose of letting the beard grow. It was supposed that the extraordinary countenance these hirsute conspirators would show to one another might make a favourable impression upon the public; but there appeared to be a timidity in their initiatory proceedings which was not encouraging: the missive came in the form of a Round Robin.

In some nations mediocrity, as a power, is stronger than in others; but China may be pointed to as its grand stronghold. This flowery land is the centre of the world of commonplace. It has no ignorant classes in one sense of the word: all are educated up to a certain point of mediocrity, and genius is kept down by main force. To surpass the standard works of the language—standard two or three thousand years ago—is an offence at law; and even if it were not so, the Celestial mediocracy would turn away with contempt from anything that appeared to be different in thought or manner from their 'classics.' An emperor desired to read a Chinese version of the New Testament; and having gratified his curiosity, he returned it with the simple remark: 'It is not classical.' This was enough. The judgment ran like wildfire through the country, and a third part of mankind wagged their tails in triumph. The poor outside barbarians! Their great book resembled neither the She-king, nor the He-king,

nor the Shoo-king! A great part of the literature of China consists of novels and poetry. In the one, they represent their own manners to the life, and are never weary of contemplating the commonplace image; in the other, they illustrate their own mind in all its happy destitution of thoughts and ideas. The schoolmaster publishes his verses by pasting them on the door-post; the cook glorifies his kitchen-walls in the same manner; all China writes verses; and a conventional edict constitutes all verses poetry.

Among the western nations, the mediocracy of England may be reckoned the strongest. Genius is more afraid of it than elsewhere; and eccentricity does not shew itself in public lest it should be mobbed. It was not her middle-classes, but her mediocracy, that saved England in the late revolutionary year. The mediocracy could not make out the genius of Red Republicanism; and it is to the present moment a standing puzzle with this commonplace body, how ignorance and crime are to be enlightened and reformed by having the government of the country and the fortunes of the age intrusted to their discretion. Loyalty, liberty, religion—these are the three great thoughts of the English mediocracy, who are as abundantly satisfied as the Chinese can be with their own *She-king*.

It is a pity that there should exist any misconception as to the power and vastness of the mediocracy. The struggles of genius are vain, its anger unphilosophical, its scorn ridiculous; and the fact is now so well known, that in good society a man of genius is rarely recognisable. Why should it be otherwise? Would a visitor rush with an Indian warwhoop into a roomful of Quakers, or get upon the table and stand on his head to amuse the company? But the presence of genius, though not recognised, is felt; enlivening commonplace and elevating mediocrity, unconsciously alike to itself and its neighbours. It is just so as regards literature. A book to be prosperous must be *en rapport* with the circle it addresses; and it needs not be the less really talented for assuming such a garb as will let it pass freely in the crowd. Tranquillity and modesty are not inconsistent with dignity, and they are essential to permanent success. Extravagance and pretension may make people stare for a time; but not having the sympathy of the mediocracy, they pass quickly into oblivion. This is the end of many works that to the few appear to deserve a better fate; and, on the other hand, it points to the reason why numerous productions, of no value whatever in critical eyes, maintain a popular place for a whole generation. Such is the power of the Mediocracy; and we humbly trust that in these few remarks there will be found satisfactory evidence of the homage we render it ourselves.

## THE BOURGEOIS WEDDING.

A TALE.

A WEDDING in the middle and humbler classes of society in France is a very different thing from a wedding in England. The double ceremony before the *maire* and in church takes place early in the morning or in the afternoon. This over, in most cases the whole wedding-party adjourn to some celebrated house outside the barrier, where they sit down to dinner about six, to rise about eleven. Then dancing begins, continuing in most cases until six o'clock in the morning. The visitors then go away to take a little rest, meeting again at dinner-time, and dancing once more all night. Sometimes there is a third night; but in general reasonable people are contented with two; while those who aim at something a little above the ordinary run of middle-class society, actually stop at one.

Hector Rubinet was an ironmonger in a large way of business in the Rue St Denis, an elector, and, he was proud to say, very nearly eligible to the deputation. Young, rich, and tolerably good-looking, he was the admiration of all the papas and mammas, with marriageable daughters, in the quarter. But, like most of his class, Hector was for some time not at all inclined to yield up his liberty too readily. Not that a French husband enjoys much less liberty when married than before; but the class which has grown rich and powerful since 1789—the citizen or *bourgeois* class—appears far more under the influence of their wives than the humbler or more elevated classes. I think this may be easily explained. The middle-classes are in general, though great grumblers, rich, contented, and happy. They naturally, then, like ease and tranquillity, and married men in general seem to agree that submission to the gentle influence of the female head of the family is the surest mode of obtaining this desirable state of affairs. I have often remarked myself, in this great city, called in France the capital of Europe, that if you want a specimen of the genus familiarly known as 'a brute of a husband,' you must look for him among the speculative, reckless traders, who, with little credit and less capital, try to fight the battle of life. He it is that rules his home with an iron rod, and has a meek, trembling, submissive wife, who never differs from him in opinion until the day when a reasonable chance of separation offers. To my ideas, this speaks volumes in favour of that phase of matrimony where at all events the wife enters heartily into the counsels of the family, and has at least her proportionate share of influence in its government.

Hector Rubinet was, however, of a different opinion. His idea of matrimony was severe. He wanted a wife who would yield to him in all things, have no will of her own, and never even venture to differ from him in opinion. From twenty to thirty he vainly sought the object of his wishes. He found plenty of young ladies who were as gentle as lambs—who looked models of excellence—whose very tone seemed to promise all he could desire; but Hector was a physiognomist, and ever found some alarming symptoms in the fair and youthful aspirants to matrimonial honours around him. One had an eye which spoke volumes of energy; another had a mouth with an authoritative curl; another had a determined chin; while a fourth had an independent wave about her hair which looked serious. In their way of sitting, walking, dancing, Hector could find some sign of incipient rebellion against the sovereignty of man; and at last it was agreed in the neighbourhood that he would settle down into an old bachelor, and leave all his disposable cash in some eccentric English way.

One day, however, at a small party given by a sedate married couple of the Rue Rambuteau, the eye of Hector fell upon a damsel, quite a stranger to him, who drew his attention at once. She was about five-and-twenty, fair, with a white, clear complexion, and a tendency to *embonpoint*, which of itself was promising. Athalie Poussinque had, moreover, a soft, sleepy eye, a full mouth, a slow, methodical step, a plain way of wearing her hair. He made inquiries. She had no fortune; she was a poor relation, placed under the protection of M<sup>me</sup> Dubois, at whose house he met her, and appeared, in fact, the most likely person in the world to be a submissive and obedient wife.

The wedding was fixed the very next day. Dire was the consternation in several families, who had made up their minds to Hector not marrying, and looked upon him as a future generous old bachelor, who would make presents to the children, be useful and liberal at weddings, be constant in his distribution of gifts on New Year's Day—in fact, who would spend his money in a way satisfactory to the feelings of his friends in general. But now this hope was gone. Hector was going to marry, would have children of his own, a wife to dress, &c.; and their visions vanished. Still all who were invited went to the wedding. It was a splendid affair. Hector had spared no expense with the *trousseau* of his future wife: he had been liberal, even generous; and she looked so quietly beautiful and happy in her white satin dress, wreath of roses, and rich blonde veil, that all gave an involuntary meed of praise to his good taste. She had near her a beauty of another kind. This one was about seventeen—a very child in form and expression, and yet exquisitely lovely. Her hair waved, however, in alarming ringlets over her shoulders; her eye, though mild, was full of latent fire; and her beautiful mouth laughingly exposed white and pearly teeth, which made Hector shudder with terror at the bare idea of his having selected such a wife. She came with Hector's cousin, M<sup>me</sup> St Clair, a schoolmistress, who had brought her up from childhood, and who treated her as a visitor rather than a boarder, the young lady being an orphan under the guardianship of an only brother.

The marriage took place at the parish church, and then the whole party adjourned to a celebrated restaurant outside the Barrière de l'Etoile, in the Avenue de Neuilly. Dinner had been ordered for six o'clock, and in the meantime the party wandered in the fields behind the house, each lady taking the arm of a gentleman. Hector proposed a walk as far as the Bois de Boulogne.

'No,' said his wife very quietly; 'it is too far, and will fatigue us before we begin to dance. I am going to sit down upon the grass.'

Hector gave a look of wild astonishment at his meek and submissive partner, but she appeared not to notice it, sitting down on the grass amid a regular titter from the whole company. Hector Rubinet said nothing: he recollected that it was his wedding-day, and that at all events he could not venture upon shewing authority on such an occasion. Nothing further occurred to mar the happiness of the hour, and six o'clock soon came round, with its splendid dinner, its abundant wine, its laughter and merriment. As usual, the banquet was kept up until a late hour, and it was eleven o'clock when the tables were cleared away for the first quadrille.

About an hour later, while the music was sounding merrily, and Hector Rubinet was resting after a polka, breathing the fresh air with his wife at the open window, an elegant cab drew up at the door. It contained a young man, and a little groom stood behind. The young man did not get out: he appeared simply listening to the music. Hector Rubinet at once recognised him, as one of the habitual visitors at Neuilly Palace—Charles de Monsigny—a favourite companion of the Duke of Orleans. He was a dissipated young man, who had already almost grown weary of life, or rather who had ceased to find the least zest or excitement in a continual round of pleasures. He had that evening played whist with the royal circle, and was returning to Paris to sup at the Café de Paris with some of his own set.

Hector Rubinet darted across the room, down the stairs, and into the street. Charles de Monsigny was the son of the landlord on whose estate Hector had been born; they had been playmates together, and Charles had never forgotten their early friendship.

'M. le Count,' he said, almost out of breath, 'I



had the honour to recognise you. I did not venture to send you a formal invitation; but as you are here, I hope you will favour'—

'And so, my poor Hector,' replied the young man, leaping out of his cabriolet, 'we are getting married! What can have driven us to so desperate a resolve?'

'Ah, monsieur, you are always satirical! But I have found a model of a wife. I shall have the honour to introduce you to her. She is,' added he in a whisper, 'everything I could wish—knows no will but mine, and will scarcely speak unless I give her tacit leave.'

'You are very happy, my dear Hector,' continued Charles in a tone of half-affection, half-sarcasm; 'that is to say, if one can ever call a married man happy.'

'Ah, M. le Count, your turn will come!'

'Mine? Never! I could not take the trouble. I congratulate you on your courage, but must beg to decline following in your footsteps.'

At this moment they entered the ball-room, and Hector, in a loud voice, introduced Count Charles de Monsigny to his wife, who received him most graciously.

'I am very proud of the honour you do us,' she said bowing, 'and I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at our country-house.'

'Our country-house!' stammered Hector, avoiding the eyes of his aristocratic friend.

'My dear,' replied Athalie in a firm and resolute tone, 'I assure you we must have a country-house. I have been brought up in the country, and could not habitually sleep in the dense air of the Rue St Denis.'

'I highly approve madame's taste,' said Charles gravely, 'and shall be most happy to visit you in your rural retreat. I like to see conjugal happiness, though not a marrying-man myself.'

Hector made no reply; he was completely overcome. He secretly yielded to despair. There was in his heart no power of resisting the quiet, positive way of his young wife. The dancing at this moment ceased, and Athalie, taking the count's arm, moved to walk round the room. As she did so she caught a meaning look exchanged between the friends.

'M. Hector is a happy man,' said the count politely, as they advanced round the *salon*.

'Do you think so?' replied Athalie slyly.

'Certainly. He evidently thought he had married a fool, and he finds that he has married his master,' said Charles, who had all the cool impudence of his class—that of Frenchmen of the world.

Athalie made no reply, quite convinced that it was lucky for her she had not taken the count for her husband; he would not have been so easily deceived in her character; or, if he had, would not have yielded. The music again struck up, and M<sup>me</sup> Rubinet being engaged, introduced her young friend to De Monsigny as a partner. The count readily acquiesced, determined to join in the spirit of the affair. He was certainly a little amused at the coolness with which Athalie gave him a mere child to dance with; but he accepted her with a good grace. He was puzzled, however, what to say to so young a girl of the bourgeois class. It was his first attempt, and it made him feel far more hesitation than he would at meeting with one of his own rank under similar circumstances.

'Are you fond of dancing?' said the count in a patronising tone.

'Yes, monsieur, very fond: all girls at my age are; but I never dance with pleasure at a wedding. I know not why—it seems too serious an affair to be treated so lightly.'

'I admire your taste,' replied the count; who was, however, absolutely petrified at such an observation from a young girl.

'You seem surprised, however,' she continued. 'But I am not in the habit of consulting my own wishes. M<sup>me</sup> St Clair wished me to come, and I came.'

Charles now unhesitatingly opened a serious conver-

sation with his young companion. He spoke of music, the fine arts, poetry, even of politics, and found that on all these topics he had met his master. The young girl had evidently been wholly devoted to study from her infancy, and had profited largely by her reading and thinking. The young man was equally surprised and pleased; so much so, that for the rest of the evening he devoted himself exclusively to her, and towards morning became so fascinated that in low, whispered tones he made a solemn declaration of love, and said, that could he be found worthy of such a wife, he would be happy to set aside all his prejudices, and marry. The young girl made him some jocular reply, and then rose, just as the party broke up, to join M<sup>me</sup> St Clair.

Next day, Charles had not forgotten the passion of the previous evening; but he no longer felt under the influence of the feelings which had made him speak so plainly. He certainly recollected all her many perfections of person and character, and thought that had she been one of his own class he would certainly have been tempted to follow up the acquaintance so auspiciously commenced. But she was a little *bourgeoise*, and he did not even know her name. He therefore resolved to think no more of her, but to make up his mind to the fact, that he had spent a very pleasant evening, quite sure that he would be as easily forgotten as he himself would forget. He pursued his usual pleasures—went to the Opera, played billiards, lounged away his existence, and tried to persuade himself that he was far happier than if he had created a happy home, and sought a good and affectionate wife.

About a month later he was driving up the Champs Elysées with a pair of horses and a phaeton, when his eye caught sight of the young girl walking amid the fashionable crowd on the boulevard arm-in-arm with M<sup>me</sup> St Clair. She was very pale and thoughtful, he perceived, and his heart smote him. It might be through his inconsiderate conduct the other evening. He pulled in his horses, threw the reins to a servant, and hurried towards them. His quick glance caught that of the young girl, who coloured violently, and seemed about to pass.

'Ah, mademoiselle!' he cried, in a tone of genuine delight, 'I am so happy to have had this chance of meeting with you. I did not catch your name the other evening, or I should have called and thanked you for the pleasure I enjoyed in your society.'

The young girl smiled, and looked at M<sup>me</sup> St Clair.

'We shall be happy to see you,' said she, handing her card to the count, 'any Thursday evening when you are disengaged.'

'I shall avail myself with delight of your kind offer,' replied the count. 'And now, will you allow me to offer you both a seat in my carriage? I was about to drive to St Cloud before dinner.'

M<sup>me</sup> St Clair bowed acquiescence, and next minute Charles de Monsigny had the young girl by his side, her eyes sparkling—her whole face beaming with satisfaction. Away they drove, hundreds of fair ladies and numerous horsemen bowing to the count as he went, and casting curious eyes on his companions, especially on M<sup>me</sup> St Clair, who, unfortunately, was a little over-dressed—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of French refinement. Once or twice he coloured violently as impertinent eye-glasses from well-known fashionables were levelled at her; but the fascinating conversation, sensible remarks, and singular power of observation manifested by his younger companion, soon made him forget everything else but the pleasure of being in her society.

About six o'clock he left them at their door—they lived in the Rue du Faubourg St Honoré—with a promise to visit them on the following Thursday. But next Thursday came, and he went not, though his heart told him

that he was eagerly expected; that the young girl would be arrayed in her best to greet him, and would suffer disappointment at his failure. But some of his friends had satirised the appearance of his new acquaintance, and he was not proof against the power of sarcasm. He indeed felt that on the occasion of his second interview he had been far more seriously influenced by her charms than before, but still he could not reconcile his mind to the fact of marrying into a class which was not his own. Yet he both felt that his affections were engaged, and that he had behaved badly to the poor girl. His attention had been so marked, and had been received with such evident pleasure, that this was quite plain. He plunged once more into the turmoil of the world—played, danced, joined champagne suppers, and did everything which could banish thought and deaden feeling. All was in vain; but though he could not resist, he had no intention of surrendering. He thought of travel, and one morning rose early with a view to making the necessary preparations. He sat at breakfast in deep thought: at length he took up his pen, and hastily dashed off a letter, which he sent to be put in the post by one of his servants.

This done, he seemed easier in his mind. But still there was an air of restless impatience about him, as if he expected some one or something. At last he took a book, called for a Turkish hookah, and sat down to try and calm himself with reading and smoking. Again it proved a vain attempt; when, just as his patience was at an end, a servant entered and announced a visitor—Captain Edgar Senincourt-Warville, a young noble who had sought distinction in Africa in the service of the new dynasty.

'Ah, Edgar, my good friend,' said he rising; 'you come in the very nick of time. I was as dull as a mummy. But what is the matter? You look more like an angry lion than a good-natured friend who has called in to pass a friendly hour.'

'Monsieur, I come here on grave and solemn business. I come to ask an account of the life and honour of my only sister Adela de Senincourt-Warville.'

'My dear fellow, what mean you? Your sister!—I never saw her.'

'When you met my sister at the wedding of M. Hector Rubinet, where she had very improperly been taken by M<sup>me</sup> St Clair, you amused yourself all the evening by paying attention to her, and before morning you made a declaration which the poor child took in earnest.'

'Ha! and she was your sister?' cried Charles, looking the picture of blank surprise.

'She was; but had she been the veriest *petite bourgeoisie* of the Rue Froidmanteau, she merited more honourable treatment at your hands. Quite inexperienced in the world's ways, she went home to think over your words, and to repeat them to M<sup>me</sup> St Clair, who, supposing you knew her rank, encouraged her to think of you as one who might become her suitor in earnest. But you came not.'

'I knew neither her name nor address.'

'You could have obtained both from M. Rubinet,' continued the captain severely; 'but I pass that. You met them: you ran to meet them; made excuses for your apparent neglect; took them a drive; talked for three hours to my sister, and at parting said: "I shall ask you next Thursday to decide the happiness of my life."'

'She told you that?' said Charles musing.

'She told me nothing. When the evening passed without your coming, the poor child, overcome by disappointment, wounded pride, and grief, told it in a passionate burst of tears to M<sup>me</sup> St Clair, who repeated it all to me, when I asked for an explanation of her pallor and lowness of spirits. And now, monsieur, that I have told you of my sister's weakness,

there remains but for me to put it out of your power for ever to boast of your facile conquest.'

'I boast!' cried Charles indignantly.

'You allowed others to talk to you in a way to justify the supposition.'

'I will allow, Edgar, that I have been very wrong,' began the count calmly; 'but if you will listen to me'—

'No, I will not listen! I might be influenced by your forked tongue. I daresay, now you find that she is Adela de Senincourt-Warville, you are quite willing to apologise and offer your hand'—

'Nay, listen to me I beg,' cried Charles, whose anger was rising. 'You are mistaken—grossly mistaken.'

'Must I call you coward?' said Edgar, stamping his feet on the floor of the room.

'This passes the bounds,' exclaimed the count in reply. 'To-morrow morning at break of day: our seconds will arrange the details. Good-afternoon.'

'Good-afternoon until we say good-morning,' replied the angry captain, and he left the room.

Charles de Monsigny was now in a violent passion. The word coward had roused him to madness, and he thought only of avenging the insult by committing one of the greatest crimes of which a reasoning being can be guilty. He, however, soon grew calm, went out to dinner, looked in at the Opera, and then, requesting his second to be with him at dawn of day, returned home, and retired to bed.

It was a bright, clear morning, the sun had just risen, the birds sang amid the trees of the Bois de Boulogne, as Charles and his second drove up to the rendezvous. A few minutes elapsed, and their adversaries appeared in sight. A few minutes more, and four men were concealed in an open glade in the wood, where they had met for the express purpose of committing one or more murders, as the case might be. Edgar and Charles spoke not a word: their brows were knit angrily, and while their seconds measured the ground and loaded the pistols, they stood apart. Presently all was ready, and they were about to advance to their places, when, by a great effort, Charles forced himself to speak. 'Gentlemen,' said he gravely, 'I beg you to bear witness to the fact, that I fight this duel with M. Warville entirely against my own feelings and wishes. He is acting under a wrong impression, relative to which I can now offer no explanation.'

'Sir, to your place!' replied Edgar furiously; 'your life or mine!'

'And mine!' cried Adela, advancing from the cover of the wood, and laying her hand upon her brother's arm, 'if I have not come in time to prevent an assassination.'

'Leave us, I command you!' said Edgar.

'No, I will not, until you have pledged yourself not to take the life of my future husband.'

'Your future husband!' said Edgar wildly.

'Yes, monsieur, you force me, by your fierce and savage humour, to accept him thus hurriedly,' replied Adela blushing, but still looking him calmly in the face; 'that is to say, if you, my natural guardian, approve of this request made for the hand of the *petite bourgeoisie*.'

'O Adela, how generous, how kind!' cried Charles, advancing and casting his pistol to the ground.

'Will you read this letter,' continued Adela, handing him a paper, 'which we received about ten minutes after you left us yesterday in a towering passion?'

The captain took the letter. It was as follows:—

'MADAME—I have to apologise very humbly for my unpolite behaviour towards yourself and your charming ward. On two occasions, when I had the honour of seeing you, I expressed a wish that we should meet again, and, after receiving permission, did not avail myself of it. It is not possible now for me to seek to renew the acquaintance without some explanation. I

frankly own, that having been very much struck on the first occasion by your ward, and on the second having conceived for her a warm and sincere affection, I have from mere pride contended against the feeling as long as I could. To marry into the *bourgeoisie* is in my family considered an unpardonable crime, and it is on account of this prejudice that I have acted with such want of delicacy. But I am sure your young ward is as good and generous as she is beautiful, and I rely fully on her forgiving one who seeks his pardon in a penitent spirit, and who frankly owns his folly. I daresay the young lady has scarcely noticed my conduct, it being naturally enough matter of little importance to her. But her forgiveness is necessary to the relief of my mind. I pray you, therefore, both to excuse my brutality and to allow me to visit your house as the suitor of your ward. I beg to address to you at once a formal suit for her hand, hoping you will do your utmost to induce her to receive my advances favourably. I have the honour to be, with the most distinguished consideration, your very devoted

CHARLES DE MONSIGNY.

'But the duel?' asked Edgar.

'That project I betrayed,' said M<sup>me</sup> St Clair, who had reached the side of Adela while Edgar was reading the letter. 'When this letter came, I at once owned that you were gone to challenge him: but we feared to fail in our attempt if we came not hither. We did not go to bed, but watched all night near the count's house in a carriage—you had not given your address—and we drove here after you all.'

'Charles, my friend,' said Edgar offering his hand, 'will you forgive my hastiness? I now understand the explanations you had to give.'

'If you had not roused my anger I should have told you of the letter'—

'And so, because your temper was roused, you were going to kill my brother, were you, monsieur?'

'My dear Adela,' said the count, taking both her hand and that of her brother, 'we have been very wrong, but you must forgive us. Gentlemen, I am of opinion that we should all adjourn without farther delay to the best restaurant at hand, and sign the treaty of peace over a solemn breakfast—one of our old ones, Edgar, of the Rue Lafitte.'

'With pleasure,' replied Edgar laughing; 'and the sooner I see the wedding-breakfast the better. I find taking care of young ladies troublesome work, and shall be very willing to transfer the responsibility to other hands.'

'My dear brother-in-law,' cried Charles in the same tone, though with a look of deep feeling, 'I accept the responsibility with delight, and only wish it could be assumed to-morrow.'

'M. le Count is in as great a hurry as he was to come to our Thursdays,' said the little Adela maliciously.

The count defended himself as best he could, and thus the conversation continued during the whole morning.

The marriage took place within a day of the delay required by the legal formalities. M. and M<sup>me</sup> Hector Rubinet were among the guests invited to the wedding-breakfast. Both then and ever after the contrast between the couples was marked. Hector sank from the day of his marriage into a complete nonentity. His wife ruled him without his ever venturing a murmur, and he found his advantage in it. Having everything in her hands, she took care of his fortune, and spent money freely, but wasted nothing. Hector tried once or twice to launch into speculations, but his wife stopped him, and his children reaped the benefit. With all his assumed knowledge of mankind, Hector was the most easily gulled man in the world. Before his marriage he had lost several large sums by putting faith in plausible knaves. Charles, on the other hand, always enjoyed the proud satisfaction of being looked up to by his

young wife with love and respect; but then he deserved to be so, and every day of his life he blesses the night when he dropped in to see THE BOURGEOIS WEDDING.

### WHY THE WINDS BLOW.

The ancient Greeks, in their endeavours to account for the winds, fancied them to be the breath of invisible deities, who, living in different parts of the atmosphere, blew gentle airs or furious blasts according to their temper and disposition. There is something so pleasing and poetical in this fancy that we cannot wonder at finding it more or less prevalent among other nations besides the Greeks; and to some minds the substitution of reason for imagination in the study of the winds is as unwelcome as the awakening from a rapturous dream. In later times we find Charlemagne giving names to the winds, and a host of natural philosophers following, with their peculiar speculations, involving extraordinary mechanical and chemical causes, down to our own day, in which we see 'wind reports' every morning in the newspapers, and have meteorological societies established, to investigate all aerial mysteries. Readers in the present day need scarcely be told that the generally-received theory regarding the causes of winds is differences of temperature. Faraday's discovery of the magnetic condition of oxygen has, however, opened a new view of the interesting subject, which promises important results, and has already enlisted numerous explorers. Among the latter, Lieutenant Maury, of the observatory at Washington, whose discussions of the phenomena of the winds have attracted much attention, has arrived at certain conclusions, worthy of a little wider notice than they are likely to meet with in the pages of the scientific journals in which they are published. By means of wind-charts, projected by himself, he has been enabled, to quote his own words, 'to trace from the belt of calms, which extends entirely across the seas, near the tropic of Cancer, an efflux of air, both to the north and to the south. From the south side of this belt the air flows in a never-ceasing breeze, called the north-east trade-winds, towards the equator. On the north side of it, the prevailing winds come from it also, but they go towards the north-east. They are the well-known south-west winds, which prevail along the route from this country to England in the ratio of two to one.' The question then arises, seeing that these winds, passing from a warm to a cold climate, produce more precipitation than evaporation—'Where does the vapour which these winds carry along come from?' To estimate the answer rightly, there must be borne in mind the existence of a zone of calms, known as the *Horse latitudes*, where the aerial currents descend and become surface-winds, and the difficulty of explaining in what way the vapours borne by the winds traverse this zone, since, if there were a mingling of currents, the effect would be to superinduce alternate seasons of drought and calm, extending over many years, instead of the present ceaseless fluctuations. On this point Lieutenant Maury observes: 'Seeing reasons why the two currents should cross each other in the calms of Cancer, and seeing no reasons why they should not, I was led to the inference that here probably is a node in the circulation of the atmosphere, where the wind from the north meets the wind from the south, and that each, after a pause, continues on in its course, and returns again to complete the circuit,' pursuing its way towards the pole as though it had not been interrupted. It appears, moreover, that 'at the seasons of the year when the sun is evaporating most rapidly in the southern hemisphere, the most rain is falling in the northern;' whence the further inference, 'that the extra-tropical regions of the northern hemisphere stand in the relation of a condenser to a grand steam-machine,



the boiler of which is in the region of the south-east trade-winds, and that the trade-winds of this hemisphere perform the like office for the regions beyond Capricorn.\*

Proceeding on these conclusions, Lieutenant Maury finds, in the trade-wind region of the northern hemisphere, the source of the rain-fall in Patagonia, which has been known to exceed 150 inches in forty-one days; and in that of the southern he finds the supply for the Valley of the Mississippi. These facts serve to explain the transport of volatile matters to great distances in the atmosphere. Ehrenberg has reported 'that he found South American infusoria in the blood-rains and sea-dust of the Cape Verde Islands, and at Lyons, Geneva, and other places;' thereby shewing 'that the trade-winds of the southern hemisphere, after arriving at the belt of equatorial calms, ascend and continue in their course towards the calms of Cancer; after passing which they proceed 'towards the north pole from the south-west, and enter the arctic regions in a spiral curve, continually lessening the gyrations, until, whirling about in a direction *contrary to the hands of a watch*, this air ascends and commences its return as an upper current towards the calms of Cancer.' In the other hemisphere the current 'approaches the antarctic regions in a *spiral, gyrating with the hands of a watch*, and contracting its convolutions as it draws nearer and nearer the pole.'

At this point Lieutenant Maury, arguing from Faraday's discovery referred to above, concludes that the magnetism of the atmosphere is the cause of the passage of these currents. It has been already explained in the Journal, that the magnetic condition of oxygen differs in proportion to its temperature, and in the general effect resulting therefrom is shewn 'why the air which has completed its circuit to the whirl about the antarctic regions should then, according to the laws of magnetism, be repelled from the south, and attracted by the opposite pole towards the north.'

If we bring forward the phenomena of experimental magnetism in illustration, it will be seen that their evidence is most important. 'Taking up, for instance, the theory of Ampère with regard to the magnetic polarity induced by an electrical current according as it passes through wire coiled *with* or coiled *against* the sun, and expanding it in conformity with the discoveries of Faraday, we perceive a series of facts and principles which, being applied to the circulation of the atmosphere, make very significant the conclusions to which the charts have led touching the continual whirl of the wind in the arctic regions *against*, and in the antarctic *with, the hands of a watch*.'

The view here thrown out has been further strengthened by the magnetic experiments of Professor von Feilitzsch, who had been struck by the different quality of the 'disengaged magnetism' of a bar placed in a certain position. To exemplify it he constructed spirals with the wire peculiarly arranged, in which, 'if the windings of the spiral took place in the direction of the hand of a watch, then the end of it where the current enters will become a south pole. If the current is more feeble in every winding the nearer it is to the centre of the spiral, then that half in which the current enters, except the first winding, is attracted by a south pole; but if the current is stronger in every winding the nearer it is to the centre of the spiral, then that half is repulsed by a south pole.'

Lieutenant Maury considers that an analogy may be traced 'between these spirals and the spirals which the currents of the wind in "his circuits" describe about the earth. At the south polar calms, the atmospherical spiral is with the hand of the watch, and, as in the case of a spiral so wound about its helix, the magnetism is south polar; and so *mutatis mutandis* for the regions of north polar calms.

'May we not look, therefore, to find about the north

and south magnetic poles the atmospherical nodes or calm regions? In other words, are not the magnetic poles of the earth in those atmospherical nodes, the two standing to each other in the relation of cause and effect?

'And have we not a clue already placed in our hands by which the motion of the circular storms of the northern hemisphere which travel *against*, and those of the southern which travel *with*, the hands of a watch, seems to be connected with the like motion of the wind of each hemisphere in its circuit about its pole? And will not this clue, when followed up, lead us into the labyrinths of atmospherical magnetism for the solution of the mystery?

'Indeed, so wide for speculation is the field presented by these discoveries, that we may in some respects regard this great globe itself, with its "cups" and spiral wires of air, earth, and water, as an immense "pile" and helix, which, being excited by the natural batteries in the sea and atmosphere of the tropics, excites in turn its oxygen, and imparts to atmospherical matter the properties of magnetism.

'Thus, though it be not proved as a mathematical truth that magnetism is the power which guides the storm from right to left, and from left to right—which conducts the moist and the dry air each in its appointed paths, and which regulates the "wind in his circuits," yet that it is such a power is rendered so very probable, that the *onus* is now shifted, and it remains not to prove but to disprove that such is its agency.'

#### HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

It is presumed that the name of Hartley Coleridge is sufficiently well known to render some account of his personal life and writings acceptable to the readers of this Journal. There is, besides, an important lesson to be derived from the contemplation of such a history—a lesson of melancholy interest and of warning; for here was a man endowed with noble gifts, and favoured with many opportunities, but who has nevertheless left in a great measure unfulfilled the brilliant promises of his genius. What he might have been had he duly disciplined his faculties, and been possessed of strength enough to overcome the infirmities which he appears to have inherited, it would now be futile to attempt to ascertain; but that he was really capable of far higher things than any which he accomplished is, we believe, the testimony of all who knew him, and is even evident from what he actually performed. The literary productions which he has left have, notwithstanding, high claims to consideration, and are likely to survive and be admired when many a noisier reputation is forgotten.

Hartley, the son of the celebrated S. T. Coleridge, was born at Clevedon, a Severnside village in Somersetshire, a few miles from Bristol, on the 19th of September 1796. His childhood, like the rest of his life, was distinguished by many singularities. His mother used to relate that 'when he was first taken to London, being then a child in arms, and saw the lamps, he exclaimed: "O now I know what the stars are: they are lamps that have been good upon earth, and have gone up to heaven!"' His father designed, as he said, 'to make him nature's playmate.' In one of his most beautiful poems he says—

—'I was reared  
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,  
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars;  
But thou, my babe, shall wander like a breeze,  
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags

Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,  
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores  
And mountain-craga.\*

A prophecy at least partially fulfilled, as Hartley himself acknowledged afterwards in a fine sonnet prefixed to his first volume of poetry—

'Thy prayer was heard: I "wander'd like a breeze."'

No fitter simile could be employed by way of describing his entire outgoings and existence. From early infancy he is described as one 'whose fancies from afar were brought;' and there seems to have been a general impression in his family and among his friends that he would grow up into a poet.

'The child,' as anybody can tell you out of Wordsworth, 'is father to the man.' The dreamy, wayward, and unsettled character by which Hartley was all his life distinguished was no doubt in a large degree determined by his early imaginative roamings; or perhaps, more properly, it was determined by a too predominant development of the mental qualities which predisposed him to such vagaries. A judicious education—that is to say, a course of discipline and culture calculated to preserve a proper balance of the faculties—and which in his case would have developed the understanding more, and kept the fancy under reasonable restraint, was evidently a needful thing for him. But Hartley does not appear to have received anything like a judicious education. His father, though a man of the finest intellect, and of an affectionate and loving nature, seems to have troubled himself very little about the actual training of his children. He was always more or less occupied with some colossal undertaking, which he rarely had the steadiness to complete; or he was roaming from place to place in an unsettled state of health and prospects; and thus the little visionary, of whom Wordsworth said—

'I think of thee with many fears  
For what may be thy lot in future years'—

was left to 'wander like a breeze' whithersoever his humour listed, gathering 'shapes and fantasies which, mixed with passions of his sadder years,' made up the substance of his life.

From about seven years of age, and during a large portion of his boyhood, Hartley resided with his uncle Southey at Keswick. In 1808 he and his brother were sent together to school at Ambleside, where, however, it does not appear that Hartley distinguished himself greatly by his scholarship. One of the chief advantages which he seems to have derived from his school life was the opportunity it afforded him of being a good deal in the society of Wordsworth. Professor Wilson, then residing at Elleray, also took notice of him; as did Sir George Beaumont and Mr Basil Montague. His biographer remarks: 'It was so, rather than by a regular course of study, that he was educated—by desultory reading, by the living voice of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, Lloyd, Wilson, and Dr Quincey; and again by homely familiarity with town-folk and country-folk of every degree; lastly, by daily recurring hours of solitude—by lonely wanderings with the murmur of the Brathay in his ear.\*' He was under little restraint at school, and spent much time in loitering in the woods. His bodily feebleness hindered him from joining in the active sports and pastimes of his school-fellows; but he was a general favourite on account of the interminable stories with which he amused them on rainy days and winter nights. In the meantime, as his brother observes, 'a certain infirmity of will, the specific evil of his life, had already shewn itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter

without trembling. He shrank from mental pain: he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were unconsciously, to slight temptations, slight in themselves and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection.' A certain awkwardness of manner and behaviour likewise distinguished him. His uncle Southey used to tell him he had two left hands, and he ironically named him *Job* on account of his impatience.

In some way, however, he grew up to the age of nineteen, and was then sent to Oxford, in evident consciousness of extraordinary abilities. In due time we find him engaged upon a poem, by which he intends to gain the prize for English verse. He, a poet's son, and, according to all prophecy, called himself to be a poet, it never occurs to him that he can fail in his laudable and exciting object. But lo! now, on the day appointed, those uncritical college-dons award the prize to another candidate! Whereupon Hartley is confounded—intensely, immeasurably disappointed and astonished: where shall he hide his diminished head? To this disappointment his brother traces all the misfortunes of his afterlife; and there is no doubt that it was the occasion and beginning of much that afterwards went wrong with him. But nothing, surely, had happened which any one could be justified in regarding as an eternal humiliation; there was nothing to found a 'great sorrow' upon: nothing, in short, which might not have been practically and even cheerfully forgotten. It was simply his first failure; and being only a failure, why might he not have left it quietly behind him, regarding it as an admonition to a higher stroke of effort?

But this, it seems, was precisely what Hartley Coleridge could not do. And here we detect the fatal weakness which was probably the cause of all his troubles: he has not the hardihood which can front and overcome a disappointment. Unhappily he must cast about for something to console his wounded self-esteem; and so he goes to get shaven of his vexations in a baptism of 'old port.' The enchanted cup once tasted, its delights grow daily more enticing, and at length the indulgence becomes a rooted and unconquerable habit. Then it was his misfortune to be a 'brilliant talker;' and thus he became a sort of notability among the Oxford students, who, knowing his relish for good liquor, were constantly inviting him to wine-parties, for the sake of enjoying his conversation. In this way much of his time at the university was wasted. Still, it would appear, he must have had fits of studious diligence, for he finally obtained what is called a 'second class;' and some year or two later was elected to a fellowship at Oriel, having passed the examination with considerable distinction. The fellowship, however, was made conditional on good-behaviour, a year being fixed as the period of probation. One would have supposed that Hartley, if not strictly abstinent, might at least have managed to 'carry his drink discreetly' for one brief twelvemonth; but no: the habit is so confirmed in him that even the strong inducement of a life-competency before him is not enough to keep him temperate. At the end of the year the fellowship was accordingly pronounced forfeited; and poor Hartley, with his life-anchor thus rudely torn away, sailed forth rudderless upon that wide uncertain sea which is called the world.

The dignitaries of Oriel, to their great honour, conducted their painful business with much delicacy and kindness, generously making the interesting scapegrace a present of £300, by way of equipment for his voyage. For two years after leaving Oxford he lived

\* Memoir by his brother prefixed to his poems.



in London, passing his time in writing for various magazines, projecting graver works, cultivating friendly relations, and occasionally embodying in verse the incidents and impulses of the hour. The three sonnets 'To a Friend' with which his first volume opens are the record of the delight which he experienced on meeting with one who had sometime been the companion of his mountain wanderings. We will quote the first by way of giving a sample of his early poetry:—

'When we were idlers with the loitering rills,  
The need of human love we little noted:  
Our love was nature; and the peace which floated  
On the white mist, and dwelt among the hills,  
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills;  
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,  
That, wisely doting, asked not why it doted;  
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.  
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;  
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,  
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,  
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;  
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,  
The hills sleep on in their eternity.'

On quitting London he returned to Ambleside, and undertook the management of the school in which he had been formerly instructed. After four unpleasant years, this mode of life was given up. He had not expected much success in such a work, and writes to his mother: 'I had a presentiment that it would never do, and therefore your commendations seemed like reproaches put out to interest. . . . How could I endure to be among unruly boys from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night, and to be responsible for actions which I could no more control than I could move a pyramid?' From Ambleside he removed to Grasmere, where he musied, and wrote, and rambled according to inclination until 1832. In that year he removed to Leeds, having made an engagement with a publisher of that town to furnish materials for a volume of poetry and another of prose. Out of this arrangement sprang the publication of the first series of his poems, and also his work called 'Biographia Borealis,' a collection of thirteen lives of renowned northern countrymen. The latter originally came out in numbers, and extended to upwards of 600 large octavo pages. It has been described as being 'written with much vigour and eloquence, abounding in picturesque descriptions of events, as well as a dramatic delineation of character, and enriched with many acute remarks and original trains of thought.' Being completed in about a year, the work indicates on the part of its author a power of continuous application under favourable circumstances which the rest of his career does not exhibit. Unhappily for Hartley, his publisher became a bankrupt, and thus the engagement was abruptly terminated.

Returning once more to Westmoreland, he took up his abode in 'Nab Cottage,' on the banks of Rydal Water, with some worthy people of the peasant class, who, as the phrase is, 'took care of him.' Here he musied, meditated, studied, and recorded his impressions in prose and verse as his humour prompted, his days gliding away almost without incident.

Mrs Wordsworth meanwhile kept a kindly eye upon his movements, and often ministered unobtrusively to his comfort. Without some such generous guardianship there is no knowing into what straits poor Hartley would have been precipitated. He was a perfect child in regard to all matters of domestic or pecuniary economy; and it seems doubtful whether he ever really knew where the money came from which was paid for his board and lodging. Being asked on one occasion what he paid in rent, he was quite puzzled to find an answer. 'Rent?' said he—'rent? I never thought of that!' The little income provided by some of his

friends for his support was disbursed for him by Mrs Wordsworth, who also appears to have doled out to him his pocket-money, shilling by shilling, as he required it. When his coat was getting threadbare or out at elbows, a new one was ordered for him, and substituted for the old one while he was in bed, and Hartley would put it on the next day without remark, or indeed without noticing the change. Almost the only part of his expenditure which he seems to have managed for himself were his disbursements made in the matter of strong liquor. Often enough, after the manner of the old lady who burnt her bed for the sake of a jolly fire, he would exhaust his capital in some liberal libation, and then find himself suddenly destitute of cash. To procure a little loan on a thirsty morning he would employ the most innocent and simple artifices, imposing of course upon no one but himself. A writer in 'Fraser's Magazine' relates an amusing anecdote in point:— 'A friend of ours spending a summer at Ambleside became very intimate with him. One day Hartley ventured to borrow a shilling, volunteering to repay it next day. Accordingly he came, made a long call, talking, as his wont was, of dead and gone English poems, steering clear of "The Splendid Shilling." At last he rose to go, had got his hand upon the door: "By the way," he said, "I have brought you your shilling"—ransacking his pockets. Then with an air of surprise, "No; I've forgotten it." Then, hesitating and blushing: "And—and—would you lend me another?" Having got the shilling, off he went at full speed. Every successive call the scene was repeated in the self-same words.' One feels a little curious to know whether Hartley ever repaid that shilling, or any of the successive ones so borrowed. However, as the same writer observes, one would have been glad to have bought an hour's talk with him at the same price. According to all testimony, his conversation was exceedingly rich and genial. Like his father's, it was generally a sort of monologue. Few people cared to talk themselves when they had an opportunity of listening to him. He had an extensive knowledge and keen appreciation of our literature, especially of the dramatic and poetical departments; and it was exceedingly pleasant to hear him descant upon the characteristics and excellences of this and the other writer whom he admired, or to follow him through the mazes of a discursive dissertation on things in general. His tastes were very catholic and cordial, and he had the heartiest relish for all possible degrees of excellence. When he was satisfied with his company he would discourse away for hours in a strain of originality, humour, and paradoxical remark, which fully justified the Westmoreland peasant's homely saying: 'Eh, but Maister Coleridge do talk fine!'

In the spring of 1837 Hartley went for a few months to supply the place of second-master in the grammar-school at Sedburgh—a small market-town situated in one of the valleys of the wild moorlands of north-western Yorkshire. The duties of this post he is said to have discharged with becoming diligence, and to have conducted himself in other respects with great discretion. When his services were no longer needed, he went back to his old residence, and thenceforth never left it. For many years he was one of the principal notabilities of the Lake-country; and many were the summer visitors who invited him to dinner, on the understanding that he was to 'talk' for the pleasure of his entertainers. 'His especial allies,' says the writer in 'Fraser,' before quoted, 'were the Oxonians or Cantabs who came to Ambleside by way of reading—young fellows flush of money, light of heart, and entertaining no very rooted antipathy to beer and cigars.' He was, however, nowise exclusive in his choice of friends. He mixed freely with 'statesmen,' farmers, peasantry, and stood exceedingly high in their estimation. Where-soever he turned himself he met with a cordial welcome.

Many are the stories told of his singular freaks and misadventures. One relates how, on a certain night, when he was rather more than commonly confused in the faculty of eyesight, and extremely unsteady in the legs, he had the perversion to fancy a ditch by a cloth-dyer's mill to be his own feather-bed, and that, reposing himself on that conviction, he arose the next morning with 'the underside of his face dyed a rich Kendal green!' At times he would strike off somewhere, and remain away for days and even weeks, baffling all search, and then suddenly return to his old neighbourhood haggard, torn, and penniless. Then, smitten with remorse and shame, he would impose upon himself the penalty of severest abstinence; though an infiction of this sort was not uncommonly succeeded by a fit of more reckless dissipation. Yet with all his irresolution and instability of purpose, he never wholly ceased to struggle against his perilous temptation. He would enter in his diary the most touching and pathetic self-accusings. From the depths of his degradation he would arise in his right mind, but unhappily he never acquired strength to withstand the renewed solicitations of his besetment.

All this is extremely lamentable; nevertheless, far be it from us to judge poor Hartley harshly. Sympathy and compassion are ever due to human frailty. Much, too, may be said for him in the way of extenuation. We must remember his disappointments, the exceeding sensitiveness of his temperament, his acute susceptibility to excitement, and the consequent liability to its reaction—the 'congenital imperfection' which so strongly predisposed him to go astray. After all, the error to which he was prone left but little abiding stain upon his spirit. In spite of his besetting weakness, he was a truth-loving, genial, affectionate, hopeful, and cordial-hearted man. With the light of genius in his eyes, he had in his soul an authentic discernment of the true, the just, the beautiful—a conscious and inextinguishable love for whatsoever is good, and great, and worthy. If for the truth's sake we have been compelled to bring forth his errors and shortcomings somewhat nakedly into light, we will not forget the manifold seductions that fostered his infirmity, nor the frequent, if unsuccessful, contests which he inwardly waged against it. Let us tenderly regard the weakness that could not successfully resist. Has not Hartley paid the penalty?—paid it by a marred and troubled life; by energies and hopes cast down and broken; by the qualified commiseration and regret that now hangs upon his memory. Looking at the treacherous slough into which, through unguardedness and imperfection, he fell, let it be remembered in our goings as a warning to our own footsteps. For though we may be nowise subjected to his particular temptation, there is yet a lurking element of evil in our nature, the knowledge of which should ever keep us humble, and mindful of the sacred admonition—'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'

Hartley's collected writings, though excellent in their kind, must be regarded as being only fragments of his genius. His poetry is of a fine order, though not of the highest—partaking of the qualities which we find in Wordsworth, and also of some of those which distinguish the early verses of his father. It had different characteristics at different periods of his life. The poems of his youth display a rich though at times a somewhat vague imagination, analogous to the visionary sphere of feeling and existence in which so large a portion of his early life was passed. Thoughts of brilliancy and of beauty, yet often shadowy and fantastic, like coloured clouds and vapours in a summer sky, are to be found subtly and beautifully embodied in free and graceful compositions. The faculty of wonder was large within him; and, as an illustration of the touching and original forms it took, the following sonnet may be not unfitly quoted:—

'What was't awakened first the untried ear  
Of that sole man who was all human kind!  
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,  
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?  
The four mellifluous streams that flow'd so near,  
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined!  
The note of bird unnamed! The startled hind  
Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear,  
Of her new lord! Or did the holy ground  
Send forth mysterious melody to greet  
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet!  
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,  
Making sweet music out of air as sweet!  
Or his own voice awake him with its sound!'

A rich and cultivated fancy, which in Hartley Coleridge was more substantially developed than the broader faculty of imagination, will not fail to be noted and admired in the following:—

'Is love a fancy or a feeling! No:  
It is immortal as immaculate truth.  
'Tis not a blossom, shed as soon as youth  
Drops from the stem of life—for it will grow  
In barren regions, where no waters flow,  
Nor ray of promise cheats the pensive gloom.  
A darkling fire, faint hovering o'er a tomb,  
That but itself and darkness nought doth shew,  
Is my love's being—yet it cannot die,  
Nor will it change, though all be changed beside;  
Though fairest beauty be no longer fair,  
Though vows be false, and faith itself deny,  
Though sharp enjoyment be a suicide,  
And hope a spectre in a ruin bare.'

A pleasing yet pensive personal interest is attached to many of these poems. Hartley writes out of the fullness of his heart. Though much straitened in point of space, we shall venture to quote the following on 'Music':—

'Sweet music steals along the yielding soul  
Like the brisk wind that sows autumnal seeds;  
And it hath tones like vernal rain that feeds  
The light green vale, ordained ere long to roll  
In golden waves o'er many a wealthy rood;  
And tones it hath that make a lonely hour  
The silent dwelling of some lovely flower,  
Sweet hermitisms of forest solitude.  
I loved sweet music when I was a child,  
For then my mother used to sing to me:  
I loved it better when a youth so wild,  
With thoughts of love it did so well agree;  
Fain would I love it to my latest day,  
If it would teach me to believe and pray.'

These quotations are confined to the sonnets, because they appear to us to be the most complete and finished portion of his works; but the rest of Hartley's poetry is all similarly genial and beautiful. A certain fullness of thought, a bright fancy, and a kindly and hearty feeling for whatever is pure, just, and gentle, is more or less manifest in everything he has written. A wise sympathy, an appreciating recognition of all that ennobles and adorns humanity, and a pervading and beneficent moral influence which flows from him in almost all his moods, render his poems not only charming but even edifying reading. We have no room to dwell critically upon his many merits; but we are altogether of opinion that his is poetry which the world will 'not willingly let die.'

In his prose-writings Hartley Coleridge is generally an intense but playful egotist. He acquaints his reader with his most intimate caprices, and invites him to the wildest and most surprising confidences. His choice of subjects is extremely whimsical: now he will discourse on the 'Character of Hamlet' or the 'Poetry of Love,' and anon descend to a disquisition on 'black cats' or 'pins,' and give you 'Thoughts on Horsemanship by a Pedestrian.' At times he writes with the

gravity and wisdom of a sage, and at others does not scruple to disport himself with the broadest buffoonery and fun. Whoever delights in smart wit, in quaint and racy humour, originality of thought and observation, sense, shrewdness, and whimsicality, will assuredly find in Hartley's two volumes of 'Essays and Marginalia' abundant matter to instruct and fascinate and amuse him.

It only remains for us to close this sketch by a brief allusion to Hartley's rather untimely death. He was living his old life at Grasmere, when a fit of bronchitis brought it suddenly to an end. 'In his last hours,' says his brother, 'he took a clear review of his past life; his words, whether addressed to me or to himself, falling distinct on my ear; his mind appearing to retain its wonted sagacity, and his tongue scarcely less than its wonted eloquence. Of this most solemn confession I can only repeat that it justified the most favourable construction that can be put upon the past, and the most consolatory hope that could be formed for the future.' He died on the 6th of January 1849. His death was lamented by the whole country-side; for his removal was felt to be a deprivation not easily to be compensated by those many 'friends to whom his visits, his conversations, his playful wit, his simple and affectionate confidingness—nay, his very foibles and eccentricities, his need of guidance and protection—had become a refreshment and a stimulus,' and among whom, 'not merely the kindly affections were drawn out in a peculiar manner, but a love of goodness, purity, and truth was fostered by his society.' His venerable friend Wordsworth was much affected, and directed that he should be buried in the grave marked out for himself at Grasmere. 'Let him lie by us,' said he: 'he would have wished it.' In little more than a twelvemonth the great poet was carried to his place beside him. 'They lie in the south-east angle of the churchyard, not far from a group of trees, the little beck that feeds the lake with its clear waters murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains.' It is a fitting resting-place for Hartley Coleridge: may the peacefulness of the spot be the symbol of the kindness which is to rest henceforth on his memory!

### RIDES ON RAILWAYS.

A SMART little book, profusely illustrated with engravings, has lately appeared with this title,\* and will prove a useful, or at all events entertaining companion to railway travellers. The work is well done, which is almost a singularity; for no department of literature is so badly executed as the ordinary run of guide-books. To present anything like an account of the contents of so varied a production is of course out of the question. We can only point to a few specimens of the author's descriptions, which we infer to be chiefly the result of personal observation.

At the outset the writer recalls the remembrance of the first proposal of railways, and the wise prophesies, even among 'practical men,' that they could never succeed. No train would be able to go quicker than fifteen miles an hour—only three miles more than the best stage-coaches; the railway would in most places have to compete with canals for goods-traffic; few people would like to risk their lives behind fiery engines; no commercial travellers would go by railways, because they would be away from towns on the jour-

ney; not one of the nobility, the gentry, or those who travel in their own carriages, would like to be drawn at the tail of a train of wagons in which some hundreds of bars of iron were jingling; the noise and dirt would be intolerable; cattle in fields would be frightened out of their senses by the passing trains—and so on, with a hundred other prognostications, coolly stated by opponents before parliament. Not one of these precautionary terrors has proved well-founded—all the fears on the subject have been a delusion. In what a mean light does this result place the prophesies of evil! 'In 1850 upwards of 70,000,000 of souls were carried by railway, when only eleven passengers were killed and fifty-four injured, or less than one to each million of passengers conveyed.'

Looking back to old times, what a change in point of cost and comfort! 'The earl or duke, whose dignity compelled him to post in a chaise-and-four, at a cost of some five or six shillings a mile, and an immense consumption of horse-flesh, wax-lights, and landladies' courtesies on the road, now takes his place unmoted in a first-class carriage next to a gentleman who travels for a great claret and champagne house, and opposite another going down express to report a railway meeting at Birmingham for a morning paper. If you see a lady carefully and courteously escorted to a carriage marked "engaged" on a black board, it is probably not a countess, but the wife of one of the principal officers of the company. A bishop in a greatcoat creates no sensation; but a tremendous rush of porters and superintendents towards one carriage, announces that a director or well-known engineer is about to take his seat. In fact, civility to all, gentle and simple, is the rule introduced by the English railway-system; every porter with a number on his coat is, for the time, the passenger's servant. Special attention is bestowed on those who are personally known, and no one can grumble at that. Some people who have never visited the continent, or visited it only for pleasure, travelling at their leisure, make comparisons with the railways of France and Germany unfavourable to the English system. Our railways are dearer than the foreign, so is our government—we make both ourselves; but compare the military-system of the continental railways; the quarter of an hour for admission before the starting of the train, during which, if too early or too late, you are locked out; the weighing of every piece of baggage; the lordly, commanding airs of all the officials if any relaxation of rules be required; the *insouciance* with which the few porters move about, leaving ladies and gentlemen to drag their own luggage: compare all this with the rapid manner in which the loads of half-a-dozen cabs, driving up from some other railway at the last moment, are transferred to the departing Express; compare the speed, the universal civility, attention, and honesty, that distinguish our railway travelling, and you cannot fail to come to the conclusion, that for a commercial people to whom time is of value, ours is the best article; and if we had not been a lawyer-ridden people, we might also have had the cheapest article.'

A curious fact has been elicited in connection with the cost of railways. It is the prodigious error committed by most companies as to furnishing accommodation for goods-traffic. The space required by the principal lines has been so great that for this item alone 'full 25 per cent. has been added to the original estimates. George Stephenson calculated the cost of getting over Chat Moss at L.40,000; his opponent proved that it would cost L.400,000: but it was executed at exactly the sum Stephenson set down, while the capital involved in providing station-room for merchandise at Liverpool and at Manchester has probably exceeded the original estimate for the whole line.' Much of the unforeseen increase in the goods-department is due to the development of traffic in

\* Rides on Railways leading to the Lake and Mountain Districts of Cumberland, North Wales, and the Dales of Derbyshire; with a Glance at Oxford, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other Manufacturing Towns. By Samuel Sidney, Author of 'Railways and Agriculture,' 'Australian Handbook,' &c. &c. Illustrated by Twenty-four Engravings on Steel, with a Correct Map of the North Western Railway and its Branches. London: W. S. Orr & Co. Amen Corner. 1851.



rural produce—corn, cattle, sheep, milk, &c.—vastly to the benefit of the agricultural interests. 'A regular trade is now carried on between London and the most remote parts of the kingdom in every conceivable thing that will bear moving. Sheep have been sent from Perth to London, and Covent-Garden has supplied tons of the finer description of vegetables to the citizens of Glasgow: every Saturday five tons of the best fish in season are despatched from Billingsgate to Birmingham, and milk is conveyed in padlocked tins from and beyond Harrow at the rate of about one penny per gallon. In articles which are imported into Liverpool and London there is a constant interchange, according to the state of the market; thus a penny per pound difference may bring a hundred chests of congon up, or send as many of hyson down the line. All graziers within a day of the rail are able to compete in the London market; the probability of any extraordinary demand increases the number of beasts arriving weekly at Camden Station from the average of 500 to 2000, and the sheep from 2000 to 6000; and these animals can be brought from the farthest grazing-grounds in the kingdom without any loss of weight, and in much better condition than the fat oxen were formerly driven to Smithfield from the rich pastures round Aylesbury or the Valley of the Thames.' The time has absolutely come when it may be said that a farmer is to be pitied who is out of reach of a railway. He is left, as it were, out of the world.

The rides commence of course at Euston Square, the metropolis of railways, and down goes the traveller by the train to Birmingham. A few words are spared for the principal places on the route and its adjuncts. Thus of Bedford, of which something is said worth noticing. Drolly enough, this is an example of a town killed with kindness. 'Bedford has been pauperised by the number and wealth of its charities. A mechanic or small tradesman can send his child if it be sick to a free hospital; when older, to a free school, where even books are provided; when the boy is apprenticed, a fee may be obtained from a charity; at half the time of apprenticeship, a second fee; on the expiration of the term, a third; on going to service, a fourth; if he marries, he expects to obtain from a charity-fund "a portion" with his wife, also educated at a charity; and if he has not sufficient industry or prudence to lay by for old age—and these are virtues which he is not likely to practise—he looks forward with confidence to being boarded and lodged at one of Bedford's fifty-nine almshouses.' The chief source of the charities of Bedford is a large endowment by a wealthy alderman of London, who would have done much better to have spent his money upon himself than to leave it to demoralise succeeding generations.

Speaking of Banbury: 'the Buckinghamshire Railway has reduced the price of coal to the inhabitants from 22s. to 15s. per ton on 150,000 tons per annum'—a saving of upwards of £50,000 a year to a single town on one article! Opponents of railways, if there be any left, can ponder this fact.

Next, as to Oxford, after some amusing matter comes an observation on New College—new once, but old now, for it was built by William of Wykeham in 1380—a very respectable antiquity. Winchester School, founded by the same worthy, is a sort of step preliminary to the New College. Here is the way things are managed:—'Winchester School still retains its ancient character for scholarship. (It is said to be almost impossible to "pluck" a Wykehamist); but the foundation has been grossly abused, the elected being not poor boys, but the sons of wealthy clergymen and gentlemen, as indeed they had need be, for, by another abuse, the parents of boys on the foundation have to pay about £40 a year for their board. But when a boy, distinguished for diligence and ability among his fellows, has been, at eighteen or nineteen

years, elected to a fellowship of New College, his work for life is done—no more need for exertion—every incentive to Epicurean rest. Fine rooms; a fine garden; a dinner daily the best in Oxford, served in a style of profusion and elegance that leaves nothing to be desired; wine the choicest; New College ale most famous; a retiring-room where, in obsequious dignity, a butler waits on his commands, with fresh bottles of the strong New College port, or ready to compound a variety of delicious drinks, amid which the New College cider-cup and mint-julep can be specially recommended. Newspapers, magazines, and novels on the tables of both the junior and senior common rooms; a stable for his horse and a kennel for his dog, form part of this grand club of learned ignorance. And so, in idle uselessness, he spends life, unless by good fortune he falls in love and marries: even then, we pity his wife and his cook for the first twelve months—or, by reaction, flies into asceticism and becomes a father of St Philip Neri or a follower of Saint Pusey. But, after all this virtuous remonstrance on the misdirection of William of Wykeham's noble endowment, we must own that, of our Oxford acquaintance, none are more agreeable than those New College fellows of the old school, "who wore shocking bad hats and asked you to dinner." Much better than the cold-blooded "monks without mass" who are fast superseding them, just as idle and more ill-natured.'

As to the productions of Oxford: 'the only local manufactures of Oxford, except gentlemen, are boots, leather-breeches, and boats; these last in great perfection. The regatas and rowing-matches on the Isis are very exciting affairs. From the narrowness of the stream, they are rather chases than races; the winners cannot pass, but must pursue and bump their competitors. The many silent, solitary wherries, urged by vigorous, skilful arms, give, on a summer evening, a pleasing life to river-side walks, although that graceful flower, the pretty pink bonnet and parasol, peculiar to the waters of Richmond and Hampton, is not often found growing in the Oxford wherry. Comedies, in the shape of slanging matches with the barges, are less frequent than formerly, and melodramatic fistic-combats still less frequent. But old boatmen still love to relate to their peaceable and admiring pupils how that pocket Hercules, the Honourable S—C—, now a pious clergyman, had a single combat with a saucy six-foot bargee, "all alone by they two selves," bunged up both his eyes, and left him all but dead to time, ignorant then, and for months after, of the name of his victor.'

Returning to the main line, the traveller reaches Wolverton, a great eating-station, associated in our minds with bad attendance, worse tea, worst barley-broth, and an immense struggle to get at any. Wolverton is exclusively a railway town, for manufacturing railway articles, and is under railway government. It is inhabited by a respectable and intelligent body of mechanics. 'And what are the results of this colony, in which there are none idle, none poor, and few uneducated? Why, in many respects gratifying, in some respects disappointing. The practical reformer will learn more than one useful lesson from a patient investigation of the social state of this great village. Those who have not been in the habit of mixing with the superior class of English skilled mechanics will be agreeably surprised by the intelligence, information, and educational acquirements of a great number of the workmen here. They will find men labouring for daily wages capable of taking a creditable part in political, literary, and scientific discussion; but at the same time the followers of George Sand and the French preachers of proletarian perfection will not find their notions of the ennobling effects of manual labour realised. There are exceptions, but as a general rule, after a hard day's work, a man is not inclined for study of any kind, least

of all for the investigation of abstract science; and thus it is that at Wolverton library novels are much more in demand than scientific treatises. In summer, when walks in the fields are pleasant, and men can work in their gardens, the demand for books of any kind falls off. Turning from the library to the mechanics' institution, pure science is not found to have many charms for the mechanics of Wolverton. Geological and astronomical lectures are ill attended, while musical entertainments, dissolving views, and dramatic recitations are popular. It must be confessed that dulness and monotony exercise a very unfavourable influence on this comfortable colony. The people, not being Quakers, are not content without amusement. They receive their appointed wages regularly, so that they have not even the amusement of making and losing money. It would be an excellent thing for the world if the kind, charitable, cold-blooded people of middle age, or with middle-aged heads and hearts, who think that a population may be ruled into an everyday life of alternate work, study, and constitutional walks, without anything warmer than a weak snimper from year's end to year's end, would consult the residents of Wolverton and Crewe before planning their next parallelogram.

Old-fashioned people will be glad to know that railways have not quite knocked up all the snug roadside inns. One of these, at a place called Wansford in England, is thus noticed:—"If about to investigate the antiquities of Stamford or Peterborough, the traveller will do well to stop at Wansford for the sake of one of the best inns in Europe, well-known under the sign of 'The Haycock at Wansford in England.' This sign represents a man stretched on a floating haycock, and apparently in conversation with parties on a bridge. It is intended to illustrate the legend of Drunken Barnaby, who, travelling during the time of the plague from London northward, tasting and criticising the ale on the road, drank so much of the Northamptonshire brew that he fell asleep on a haycock, in one of the flat meadows. In the night-time a sudden flood arose, as is often the case in this part of the country, and our toper awoke to find himself floating on a great tide of water, which at length brought him to a bridge, upon which, hailing the passers-by, he asked, 'Where am I?' in full expectation of having floated to France or Spain; whereupon they answered: 'At Wansford.' 'What!' he exclaimed in ecstasy, 'Wansford in England!' and landing, drank the ale, and gave a new name to the inn of this village between three counties. The inn—which belongs to the Duke of Bedford—affords a sort of accommodation which the rapid travelling and short halts of railways have almost abolished. But an easy rent; a large farm, and a trade in selling and hiring hunters, enables the landlord to provide as comfortably for his guests as when, in old posting-days, five dukes made the Haycock their night-halt at one time. On entering the well-carpeted coffee-room, with its ample screen, blazing fire, and plentiful allowance of easy-chairs, while a well-appointed tempting dinner is rapidly and silently laid on the spotless table-cloth—the tired sportsman or traveller will be inclined to fancy that he is visitor to some wealthy squire rather than the guest of an innkeeper. When we add that the bedrooms match the sitting-rooms; that the charges are moderate; that the Pytchley, Earl Fitzwilliam's, and the Duke of Rutland's hounds (the Beever), meet within an easy distance; that the county abounds in antiquities, show-houses like Burleigh; that pleasant woodland rides are within a circle of ten miles; that good pike-fishing is to be had nearly all the year round; while in retirement Wansford is complete; we have said enough to shew that it is well worth the notice of a large class of travellers—from young couples on their first day's journey, to old gentlemen travelling north and needing quiet and a bottle of old port.

Here we would stop, but are tempted to give one

more extract. The passage refers to Dr Arnold and the celebrated school at Rugby, to which he was appointed head-master. 'Dr Arnold, from the day on which he first took charge of the school, adopted the course which he ever after adhered to, of treating the boys like gentlemen and reasonable beings. Thus on receiving from an offender an answer to any question, he would say: "If you say so, of course I believe you;" and on this he would act. The effect of this was immediate and remarkable; the better feeling of the school was at once touched; boys declared: "It is a shame to tell Arnold a lie, because he always believes you;" and thus at one bold step the axe was put to the root of the inveterate practice of lying to the master, one of the curses of schools. In pursuance of the same views, when reprimanding a boy, he generally took him apart, and spoke to him in such a manner as to make him feel that his master was grieved and troubled at his wrong-doing; a Quaker-like simplicity of mien and language, a sternness of manner not unmingled with tenderness, and a total absence of all "donish" airs, combined to produce this effect. Nor were his personal habits without their effect. The boys saw in him no outward appearance of a solemn pedagogue or dignified ecclesiastic whom it was a temptation to dupe, or into whose ample wig javelins of paper might with impunity be darted; but a spare, active, determined man, six feet high, in duck trousers, a narrow-brimmed hat, a sailor's black handkerchief knotted round his neck, a heavy walking-stick in his hand; a strong swimmer, a noted runner; the first of all the masters in the schoolroom on the winter mornings, teaching the lowest class when it was his turn with the same energy which he would have thrown into a lecture to a critical audience, listening with interest to an intelligent answer from the smallest boy, and speaking to them more like an elder brother than the head-master. They soon perceived that they had to deal with a man thoroughly in earnest, acute, active, and not easily deceived; that he was not only a scholar but a gentleman, who expected them to behave as the sons of gentlemen themselves.' By these and other available means the 'standard of intelligence and information was incalculably raised, and the school, as a place of education in its wider sense, became infinitely more efficient.'

#### SAVAGE NOTIONS OF PHILANTHROPY.

THERE are few more precarious investments than spending money, time, or labour on other people's affairs, with an eye to a speculative return in gratitude. Those who have done so once will seldom knowingly venture on a second experiment. If a man from the feeling of simple benevolence feel inclined to bestow benefits on his friends or neighbours, let him do so; but if he is rash enough to imagine that his generosity is likely to yield him large returns in gratitude and good offices hereafter, he will find it a very poor speculation indeed. When I hear a man complaining of the ingratitude of some friend or relative to whose interest he had sacrificed his own, I look upon him as a disappointed speculator, not a disinterested philanthropist.

Having from the period of my earliest recollections been afflicted with an impulsive tendency to give away, and to thrust kindnesses upon other people, I used to feel very much puzzled to account for the fact, that when I ventured to solicit a favour from those to whom I had in my own way been most lavish, I was much less likely to receive it than some one else who had given them nothing. My eyes were for the first time opened to the true state of the case by some incidents which occurred to me while living among the half-savage tribes who inhabit the jungly districts bordering Nepal.

There being no civil or military station within several days' journey of where I was stationed, I had, in the event of sickness or accident befalling my servants, to prescribe for them what are usually included under the name of domestic medicines. This was quite a new field to me, and I went into it *con amore*; administering pills, making poultices, and applying bandages, with a zeal and energy very edifying to myself, and, as I imagined, highly beneficial to my patients. This last impression, however, was a gross delusion, as I subsequently discovered.

One of my first patients was a tall, unwholesome-looking youth named Bheem, who had charge of the goats I kept for supplying my table with milk. Bheem in his personal appearance and predacious instincts made the nearest approach to what might be termed a human weasel I ever saw. He had the sharp nose and concave belly, and the same irrepressible tendency to hunt up and devour small vermin which characterise the weasel tribe all over the world. When Bheem departed to the Moidihau with his goats at daybreak, he was furnished, besides his *gull* or pellat-bow, with a number of odd-looking skewers and hooks, for trapping and disinterring rats, hedgehogs, and porcupines. The pellat-bow was used for shooting parrots and squirrels; and it was seldom that Bheem returned without some half-dozen rats or squirrels strung by their tails to his girdle.

On one occasion, when in pursuit of a porcupine which had taken shelter among the tangled roots of a banian-tree, Bheem, having made up his mind that the porcupine was to be cooked with chillies, garlic, and *gol merich*, became somewhat forgetful of his personal safety, and having the animal at bay in a blind hole, he was digging away with all his might to get at it, when the porcupine rushed between his legs, tearing them with his quills as he passed, and escaped.

Bheem came limping home at eventide in a very sad plight, with his legs swathed with bandages of jungle-grass over a plaster of chewed *neem* leaves. As a matter of course, I took the legs under my care; and had the satisfaction, after washing them every morning with lukewarm water and applying poultices, to see them gradually getting well again. But the distinction of having his master to 'cook' his shins every morning was too much for Bheem's head, and he began to exhibit symptoms of self-conceit and arrogance among his fellow-servants, as if his getting his shins scraped by a porcupine had been something highly meritorious! After all pretence for looking at his shins was over, he discovered a multitude of potty ailments in his back, his sides, and his belly, for which I gave him pills and powders without number. But although he always professed to derive great benefit from my *dhoovays* (medicines), he never got well; and in all likelihood never would, if he had not picked a quarrel with the cook, when it came out that Bheem was in the habit of milking the goats on his own account every evening before bringing them home. This was the more provoking that, under the pretence of feeding the young kids, I had frequently been obliged to put up with short allowance of milk to my coffee. On my taxing Bheem with his dishonesty, he got on his knees, and in such terms of abject supplication as no language but Hindostanee can express, besought me to forgive him; calling me 'gureeb-purwar' ('provider for the poor'), 'mai-bab' ('father and mother'), 'malekgullam kei' ('owner of the slave'), &c. All this I was prepared for and listened to as a matter of course. But when the wretch proceeded to urge as a farther reason for forgiveness, that he had brought his legs to me to dress every day for a fortnight, that he had taken all the medicines I gave him, and would continue to take them as long as I liked, I was completely taken aback. As to being angry, that was out of the question—indeed I felt quite as much ashamed

as angry. Under the pretence of acting the 'good Samaritan,' I had been simply gratifying my therapeutical tendencies at Bheem's expense. That this was the true philosophy of the matter was proved by the fact, that in spite of the lesson which Bheem had given me, I was led into taking as much interest in the next case which occurred as if no such personage had ever existed.

A little Hindoo boy of about ten years of age, who had been assisting his father in mending the roof of a brick-kiln, was, by the accidental giving way of the side-walls, thrown among the hot bricks. His father brought him to me literally half-roasted: his fingers and toes, from his attempts to clamber out of the kiln, had been burnt to cinders. His father cried, prayed, howled, and wailed until he was hoarse. The poor sufferer himself was only able to utter a low moaning cry, which, although drowned for the instant in the frantic vehemence of the father's grief, yet came out with terrible distinctness whenever the old man ceased, as he was sometimes obliged to do, from sheer exhaustion. The remembrance of it makes me shudder even now, although it is many years since.

As my slight knowledge of surgery had never before been put to so severe a test, I felt correspondingly embarrassed. Without pausing to consider the responsibility I was incurring, I had the boy laid upon a bed in the veranda and proceeded to apply such palliatives as I could think of. Linseed-oil and lime-water were procured and applied as fast as they could be mixed. The poor little fellow seemed much relieved by the cooling effect of this unguent, and sometimes intermitted his sad cry to gasp 'Uthai! uthai!' ('Good! good!') I had been occupied, I imagine, about two hours with my patient, dressing his wounds and padding him all round with loose cotton, to keep the air from irritating the raw skin; having done this and got him to swallow an anodyne, I looked about for his father, intending to give him some directions concerning the medicines I wished him to give his son. He, however, was nowhere to be found! After sending people in all directions in search of him, he was at last discovered in his own house tranquilly kneading some flour and water to make *chapaties* for his dinner, and presented himself to me with his hands and arms still covered with the flour he had been using. I gave him a small punkah, and told him to sit down and drive away the flies from his son's face; and in order that he might not have occasion to leave the house again, I paid another man to cook his *chapaties* for him and bring them to him when ready. On going out to the veranda, half an hour after, I found the old man was again absent. I began to feel rather angry; and when he made his appearance some time afterwards, I began to scold him for his carelessness, when he held up the cocoanut shell and appendages which formed his pipe, to intimate that he had been taking a smoke. I told him he was at liberty to smoke as much as he pleased in the veranda, but threatened, if I found him absent again, to give him a sound thrashing. He promised not to stir from his son's bedside, but on one pretext or another he was constantly absenting himself. Sometimes he had been to the bazaar to buy *boaja* (parched rice); sometimes he had gone to take a bath; sometimes he had gone to consult a neighbouring Brahmin. In short, there was no end to his excuses. What made this conduct appear more hideous was, that the flies came in clouds about the bed; and unless driven away, covered the poor boy's face and every other part of his body exposed to them.

Now it was that the imprudence of my conduct began to make itself felt. Here was my patient fast sinking, while his father, whose natural duty it was to attend to him, seemed to think that he had thrown the whole responsibility on my shoulders; and in the event of his son dying, he would certainly blame me for



having occasioned it. As neither threats, bribes, nor entreaties could induce the old man to remain beside his son, I had the poor boy placed in a palanquin and carried to his own house, in the hope that when his father had him under his own roof he would perhaps be more disposed to attend to him. I went two or three times daily to see him and dress his wounds. If the old man was inattentive before, he was certainly no better now, for whenever I called, I either found him asleep or smoking at the door of his hut.

In all cases of severe injury from burning, after the first excitement is over, there ensues an utter prostration of the whole system, and unless active measures are taken to support the strength of the patient, he ultimately sinks from exhaustion. After the second day the poor boy ceased to complain, and lay apparently unconscious of all that was passing around him. During the few days he lived I was in a constant fever; wherever I went I was haunted with the appearance of the dying boy, and wondering whether the father was keeping the flies away. I was positively relieved when a servant one morning informed me that the brickmaker's boy was dead. I found the old man seated by the embers of a fire at the foot of the bed, his two hands grasping the cocoa-nut shell of his hookah, from a hole in the side of which he was sucking the smoke with a slow, solemn *glug-glugger*, in which it would have been very difficult to detect the accents of either grief or despair. Grief, however, there was, deep and sincere of its kind; for although the ear could not detect the slightest halt or wavering in the steady march of the hookah's music, the tears were raining from the old man's eyes and falling in big drops at his feet. The indifference and carelessness he had exhibited while his son was alive had not prepared me for this; so feeling that I had done him an injustice, I gave a few rupees to assist him in fulfilling the funeral-rites.

In the next case which occurred I took care to avoid the responsibility I had incurred in my last experiment; and as I imagined successfully.

A poor woman, while employed with some others in weeding a rice-field, left her child—an infant about twelve months old—in a clump of long grass near the skirt of the jungle. After she had been some time at work her attention was directed to the spot where she had left her child by hearing its screams. On running towards it, she observed a large wolf dragging the child in his teeth towards the jungle. The whole band of weeders instantly started in pursuit, shouting and screaming as they went. The wolf, finding he was pursued, dropped the child, and made off. When brought to me, beyond a few flesh-wounds from the animal's teeth, the child was not so much injured as might have been expected from the treatment it had received.

The mother, in a frantic state of excitement, threw herself at my feet, and promised to be my slave for life if I would make her child well. This she seemed to think I could do off-hand and by a single operation. The natives, in common with the inhabitants of more enlightened countries than Hindostan, have a notion that unless *something* is applied to a wound or bruise it will never heal. Accordingly pounded charcoal, lime, cow-dung, tumeric, garlic, &c. are applied in all cases of wounds and bruises. Although but a short time had elapsed since the accident had taken place, it was sufficient to allow a liberal supply of these materials to have been applied. My first care was a matter of course was to wash them all off; and after drawing the edges of the wounds together, to apply a few strips of adhesive plaster. From what I had before seen of flesh-wounds among the natives, I felt convinced that if I could only prevail upon the mother to keep the child clean, it would get well in a few days. To get her to do this I promised her three pice every morning that she brought the child to me clean washed. For

ten days she came very willingly, when I renewed the dressings, and gave her the three pice agreed on. At the end of that time, finding the wounds were almost all healed, I told her that she would not require to bring the child to me any more. She looked rather blank at this announcement, salaamed, and thanked me in a very ceremonious manner. She was going on with a long panegyric on my wisdom and generosity when I interrupted her with: 'Well, well, that will do now—go away, and mind to keep the child clean.' Still she lingered, and kept swaying herself half round with the child riding on her left hip. She had evidently something more to say, which she was mustering courage to express. She commenced drawing circles among the gravel with the toes of her left foot, and began with: 'Khoddawund' ('Master.')

'Well,' I answered, 'what have you to say?'

'Ap hakeem hy' ('You are a wise man.') I am a poor woman: I have come to your honour every morning as you desired me. I brought you my child, and gave it to you to put your medicines on it. I washed it as often as you desired me: surely you will not send me away?'

'Why,' I exclaimed, 'what could I do with you?'

But without heeding my interruption she went on: 'Surely you would not send me away—without some *bukhaesh*!'

I thought Bheem had been very ungrateful, but surely this woman was something more.

#### A PRACTICAL COMMISSIONER OF SEWERS.

Or all places in the world, the London police-courts afford the most curious revelations of civilised ethnology. Hardly a week passes but some extraordinary stratum of crime or misfortune, wherein human creatures are found imbedded, and human nature petrified or transformed, is brought to light.

The London newspapers lately chronicled the manner of life of a man who, while we cannot call him criminal, and have no right to deem him unfortunate, since he appears to enjoy his own mode of existence as much as anybody else—would seem to have chosen a career embracing a quintessence of villainess, misery, and wretchedness. In a recent assault-case heard before the magistrates at the Clerkenwell Court, this individual appeared as a witness. His real name is said to be Smith, but he has gained notoriety in the purlieus of Field Lane, Saffron Hill, and other kindred localities, under the *sobriquet* of 'The Jumper.' He is a rat-catcher by profession, but follows his calling in a style which places him apart from all his *confères* in that elegant avocation, and induces us to believe that, his manner of carrying on business considered, there can hardly be 'two of a trade.' The man catches rats for those who keep sporting-dogs, and the field of his labours embraces all subterranean London. One-half of Jumper's life is spent in quest of prey from the metropolitan sewerage. Furnished with a bull's-eye lantern, a capacious and strongly-made folding-trap, and a short rake, he enters the main sewers at the foot of Blackfriars' Bridge, and tracing his dark and labyrinthine way beneath the busy thoroughfares of the metropolis, waist-deep in mud and filth of every description, he pursues his dangerous and revolting occupation. The sewers literally swarm with rats. Holding lantern and trap in his left hand, he thrusts his rake hither and thither. The disturbed vermin rush from their hiding-places, and, dazzled by the light, fall an easy prey to Jumper, who, gifted with a peculiar knack, catches them by hand, and places them in his cage as easily and indifferently as if they were

young kittens. His under-ground journeys extend for miles. He has been under Newgate and along Cheap-side to the Mansion-House, the roaring traffic above him sounding like the dull rumbling of distant thunder. He has traversed from Holborn to Islington, closely inspecting all the divergent passages and odoriferous tributaries which fall into the *cloaca maxima* of the mighty metropolis. It is declared, indeed, that he knows more about the sewerage of London and its condition than any other living man, and that upon the strength of such qualification he would make an excellent chairman to the Board of Commissioners sitting in Greek Street, under whose premises he has so often rambled in pursuit of game.

It is recorded that on one occasion an obstruction occurred to a drain at the foot of Holborn Hill, and Jumper being known in the neighbourhood, was applied to. Terms were speedily agreed upon. Jumper started off to the foot of Blackfriars' Bridge, and in half an hour his voice was heard down the gully-hole. He quickly cleared away the obstruction, and received his reward, which was well deserved, as he had saved the public the expense and inconvenience of breaking up the thoroughfare.

It is not, however, to the rats alone that Jumper devotes his attention and industry. He frequently falls in with rich windfalls—or, to improve the metaphor, waterfalls—especially in the City. On one occasion he found a silk purse containing gold and silver; on another a gold watch and seals; and he is constantly rooting up silver spoons, rings, and other articles of value.

Some time ago Jumper took on an apprentice, or rather a pupil, for the profession—a man named Harris—one bred to the horse-slaughtering business, and who, after such a course of preparation, might be supposed to have lost the sensitiveness of olfactory and stomachic nerves to a sufficient degree to enable him to enter on the new occupation. After a month's trial, however, he gave it up as a bad job. 'I can stand a tidy lot,' said he, somewhat crestfallen; 'but I can't stand that 'ere!' So Jumper remains alone in his glory, 'monarch of all he surveys.' There is no man, however, who has not his trials: envy, jealousy, contempt, interference, are the common lot. Jumper's right has been disputed by a lord mayor, who threatened him with imprisonment on the ground of trespass; Jumper, however, still pursues his delectable calling. He has been three times attacked with typhus fever, but rapidly recovered on each occasion, apparently too tough, tried, and tanned for the grim assailant.

Jumper may be seen on Sundays well dressed, and generally with a watch in his pocket—presenting, indeed, a comfortable and well-to-do appearance. It may be added, that the rats bring him in from one shilling to eightpence a dozen; and so conversant is he with their haunts or burrows, that he requires but a couple of hours' notice to produce any given quantity, from a dozen to a hundred. This most extraordinary character is, we believe, at present in good health, and follows his calling with the greatest assiduity among the foundations of the London streets.

#### DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

A most interesting discovery has been made in Egypt. It is known that there exists in Mount Zabarah, situated on an island in the Red Sea, a mine of emeralds, which was formerly worked by the pachas of Egypt, but abandoned in the last years of the reign of Mehemet Ali. An English company have solicited and recently obtained authority to resume the working of this mine, which is believed to be still rich in precious stones. Mr Allan, the engineer of the company, while directing some important excavations in this place, has discovered at a great depth traces of an ancient gallery, which must evidently be referred to the most remote antiquity.

Upon removing the rubbish, he found tools and ancient utensils, and a stone upon which is engraved a hieroglyphic inscription, now partially defaced. This circumstance proves the truth of the opinion expressed by Belzoni, on the strength of other indications, that this mine was worked in ancient times. The nature and form of the implements discovered, and the configuration of the gallery, the plan of which has been readily traced, prove most conclusively that the ancient Egyptians were skilful engineers. It seems, from examination of the stone which has been discovered, that the first labours in the mine of Zabarah were commenced in the reign of Sesostrius the Great, or Rameses Sesostrius, who, according to the most generally-received opinion, lived about the year 1650 before Christ, and who is celebrated by his immense conquests, as well as for the innumerable monuments with which he covered Egypt.—*American Literary Journal*.

#### THE LETTER FROM HOME.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBOURNE LYONS, LL.D.

A YOUTHFUL stranger walk'd alone  
In a great city's busiest place;  
He heard not one familiar tone,  
He saw not one familiar face:  
He trod that long and weary street  
Till day's last beam wax'd faint and dim,  
But none were nigh to cheer or greet—  
Not one was there to smile on him.

He saw before him thickly press  
The rude, the beautiful, the proud,  
And felt that strange deep loneliness  
Which chills us in the selfish crowd:  
Ay! though his heart was stern and strong,  
And scorn'd each soft and wailing mood,  
He felt a sore and saddening throng  
Of doubts and wasting cares intrude.

While yet he mused in bitter thought,  
A messenger appear'd at hand,  
Who to that mourning pilgrim brought  
A letter from his own fair land:  
Eager as if it search'd a mine,  
His eye the welcome page explor'd,  
And, as he read each glowing line,  
Hope, gladness, life, were all restor'd.

Yet mightier than the voice from home,  
Which nerv'd that drooping exile's breast,  
Those words of Thine, Redeemer! come  
To calm our fears and give us rest.  
When, in some sad and sunless hour,  
We pine for smiles and tones of love,  
They bid us look, through storm and shower,  
To Thee our Light and Life above.

#### GRAND ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

Before quitting the subject of manuscripts, let me earnestly recommend to all who handle the pen—whether in writing plays for managers, prescriptions for patients, articles for editors of periodicals, or petitions and memorials to the powers that be—to study caligraphy. Many plays have been thrown aside, many articles have been returned, many prescriptions misinterpreted, and many petitions neglected, because it was either impossible or difficult to decipher them. Next to the possession of a good hereditary estate and a good temper, a good handwriting will be found the best auxiliary to push through life with.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

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